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Salt Lake City
and
Utah By-Ways
by Edwards Roberts

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SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

Salt Lake City

and

❁ Utah ❁ By-Ways ❁

by

Edwards Roberts.

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P R E F A C E .

In compiling the manuscript for the following pages, I have made liberal extracts from an article published in *The Continent* and entitled "By-ways of Utah," which I wrote some months ago. The illustrations also are taken from the same magazine, and for the original photographs from which the drawings were made I am indebted to Mr. C. R. Savage, the successful photographer of Utah. I am also under obligations to Mr. H. L. A. Culmer, of Salt Lake City, for much information published in his guide-book, which is now out of print.

It is impossible, with limited space, to describe as they deserve, the varied attractions of Utah. It is a country from which much is now expected, and present indications lead to the prediction, that in the near future the Territory will take high rank in the financial world. It is rich beyond question, and the climate insures a rapid growth of whatever may be planted. The people are industrious and energetic, and the advent of the Denver and Rio Grande Railway has stimulated to a still greater extent their ambition to make Utah a source of pride and wealth to all Americans.

THE EDITOR.



OLD MILL, AMERICAN FORK CANON.

SALT LAKE CITY AND UTAH BY-WAYS.

BY EDWARDS ROBERTS.

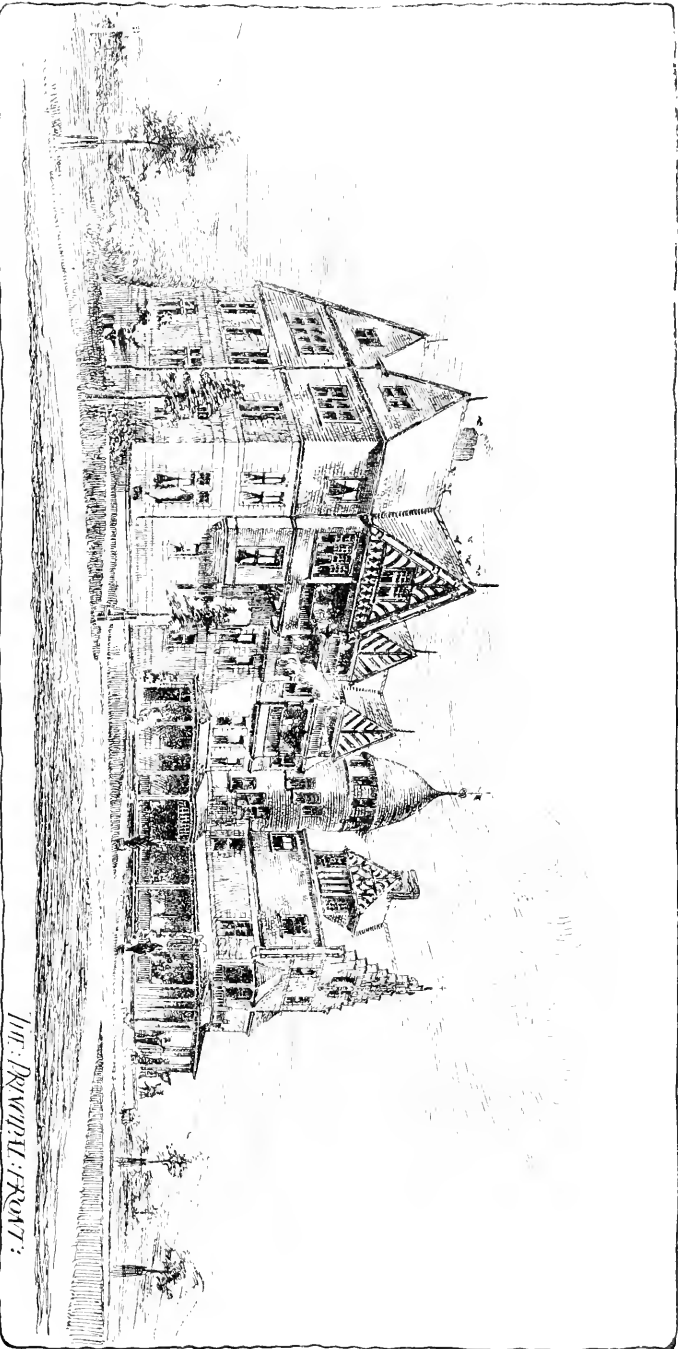
UTAH, with its eighty-five thousand square miles of territory, has been less explored and less understood than almost any other section of our great West. Hampered in its growth by reason of its great isolation, the question was asked for a long time : "What good can come of the country?" and no one seemed able to furnish a satisfactory answer. The fact that there were fertile valleys, fresh streams of water, large tracts of grazing land, rich deposits of gold, silver, copper and coal, was lost sight of. Utah was regarded merely as a territory situated in the midst of vast deserts, and filled with high mountains, alkali deserts, salt seas and arid plains. But during the past dozen years rapid progress has been made in every direction, and the country is gradually becoming better known and appreciated. The Mormons and the Gentiles are revolutionizing the state of affairs, and Utah is on the verge of a new life. Railways are being built, new mines are being opened, the output of ore is increasing, new towns are founded, and the outside world has ceased to ask what good, but rather to say how much good, may come out of Utah.

Nor is it strange that this change in the condition of things has occurred. The Territory is immensely rich, has a most beautiful and varied topography, and a climate which is delightful. The Wasatch mountains divide it into two nearly equal parts, and, with ranges of lesser height, form sheltered valleys, which are as productive as any in the world. If one were elevated above the country in a balloon, he would look down upon a varied scene. Extending north and south, with wooded slopes, high, snow-capped summits, and inclosing miniature lakes, valleys and forest-girded parks, would be seen the Wasatch range ; east of it, vast, treeless, arid and neglect-

ed, would appear the desert lands ; and westward—a bright spot in the view—Salt Lake and Utah valleys would meet the gaze, lying like jewels between vast mountains, watered by lakes and threads of silvery streams, and cultivated until hardly a foot of ground remains without its waving grain and patches of garden produce.

In the north of the Territory, too, one would see Ogden and Salt Lake City, the great mysterious Salt Lake, and isolated peaks “striking up the azure” with their pointed cones of ice and snow. Far to the south the valleys would be seen to merge into deep cañons, with huge rocks of vari-colored hues, down which hissing, troubled streams roar and run swift races. The eye would see changes in every direction—now a vale, now a forest ; here a lake, and again rounded hills and well-stocked fields. There would be Arctic regions, and others like Italy ; great banks of snow, and bright green pastures. In fact, from an elevation commanding all Utah, it would be seen at once that the country is singularly varied ; grand, and yet beautiful ; rugged, yet subdued ; arid, and yet fertile ; a network of mountains, valleys, plains and parks, from over and among which run or nestle clear streams, wide rivers and picturesque lakes. The air would vibrate, too, with the hum of industry ; the puff of the locomotive would be heard as it penetrated the wild gorges of the mountains or toiled in the valleys ; the factories and smelting works would break the stillness with their busy activity, and in the higher fastnesses men would be seen at work digging precious treasures from their long seclusion.

It is a pleasure to go to Utah now, for the great railways across the continent are supplied with every luxury imaginable. From San Francisco the Central Pacific road lands the traveler at Ogden, and from the Missouri river one may take either the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy, or the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe to Denver, the metropolis of Colorado. Both roads afford glimpses of scenery which is unlike that of other parts of our country, and which fascinates with its immensity. But at Denver, the most interesting part of the journey to Utah begins, and the route via the Denver & Rio Grande Railway is one which will be long remembered by all who have taken it. This railway has now become a trans-continental line and connecting link between Denver and the most important cities of Utah. While its branches still form a net-work over all Colorado,



THE ANTLERS.

Imp. Revue de l'Art.

the main line has been extended westward over snowy heights, through deep gorges, across plains and up fertile valleys to Ogden and the eastern terminus of the Central Pacific road. Between Ogden and Denver, and at all times within reach of the traveler, there exists a profusion of grand and beautiful scenery. There are mountains of every conceivable shape and size, broad valleys, foaming streams, and picturesque cañons. The topography changes with every mile; now it is grandly beautiful, now soft and subdued; here wild and chaotic in its confusion, and again Scotland-like, with low hills and verdant fields. The railway opens to civilization some of the richest districts of both the State and Territory. It has brought the Gunnison country, with its mines, coal fields and farm lands along the Grand and Uncompahgre rivers, into direct communication with eastern markets, and made possible the development of eastern Utah, while the Wasatch mountains, and central valleys of that country are placed within easy reach of the prospector, the miner and the farmer.

Seventy-five miles south of Denver, Colorado Springs is reached, a town which is already famous as a health resort of varied attractions. It occupies the top of a gently sloping *mesa*, and rests nearly under the shadow of Pike's Peak. The streets, wide and shaded; the public squares, and the extended plains which roll away to the east, insure for the town a constant supply of fresh and invigorating air, while the high mountains in the west serve to protect the place from the harsh winds so trying to invalids. During the past year (1883) the new and elegantly appointed hotel known as The Antlers has been opened. It cost, with the furniture, \$150,000, and is one of the finest hotels in the West. The sanitary arrangements are the result of careful and particular attention, the purpose having been to build a hotel which should be entirely free from all malarial drawbacks. The furniture, selected by the present manager, A. A. Warren, is rich and appropriate. The view from the west balcony embraces the mountains, and snow-capped Pike's Peak, and eastward the prairies may be seen stretching far toward the east. Much has been done toward ornamenting the grounds, and there are decorated terraces and shaded walks. The hostelry is an ornament to the town, and the architecture is at once pleasing and imposing. Colorado Springs was designed at the first as a health resort, and is in the immediate vicinity of most beautiful scenic attractions. It has several banks, two daily papers,

a large club house, and a college which offers courses of study under the ablest professors. The climate is exceptionally fine, and particularly efficacious in all pulmonary and miasmatic diseases.

Five miles west of Colorado Springs is Manitou. This Saratoga of the West, as it is so often called, lies among the foot-hills of the Rocky mountains, and with its large hotels is already noted as a summer resort of varied attractions. There are several medicinal springs, rivaling those of its eastern namesake, and the scenic attractions within the town, and in close proximity to it, are among the most beautiful in the State. Williams' cañon, Ute pass, the Garden of the Gods, Cheyenne cañon, Pike's Peak trail, Seven Lakes, Iron Springs, Monument Park, and Seven Falls are only a few of the many places to which tourists are attracted by the quaint grandeur which they severally possess.

Returning to the main line again, one journeys southward to Pueblo, and leaving it, makes straight for the blue-tinted mountains which appear in the distance, and soon reaches the Royal gorge or Grand cañon of the Arkansas. When the train first enters the gorge, the steep sides which shut out all rays of the sun are only moderately high, but before many minutes elapse they become grander, darker and taller, and press closer and closer together. Some of the pinnacles tower three thousand feet above the track which is laid at their base, and rise from the darkness into light without a break in their steep sides. There are no trees or bushes clinging to them, and hardly a place in which a bird might rest. When half way through the cañon the cliffs press so hard upon one another that it seems as if the train must pay the penalty of its daring, and be crushed beneath the frowning battlements. Everything is weird, wild, strange and terrible. Rolling with dull light down the perpendicular walls, which choke the narrow way, are tiny rivulets of water, which fall unheeded into the stream below; there are dark crevices, massive boulders, and loud echoes from the river. Dante would have reveled here; Rembrandt would have gloried in the mystic shades. The traveler and the train are dwarfed into insignificance. Standing on the iron bridge which hangs suspended from the sides of the cañon, and over the river, the bravest man is silenced by the terrible beauty around him.

Continuing westward from the gorge, passing Salida and Poncha Springs, the railway climbs up a narrow, brush-grown valley, and be-

gins to ascend Marshall pass. The track doubles time and again on itself ; at one time the dull line of displaced earth marks the heights that are to be climbed, and anon the course already pursued is displayed far below. Now one may gaze down the valley he was so lately treading ; and again may look far beyond, where Poncha rests, to the high ranges which stand in massive grandeur against the deep blue sky. Soon, however, one forgets to notice anything beyond his immediate reach, and is fully occupied in watching the busy engines mounting the steep grades by which they slowly but surely gain the summit. Snowy peaks tower above ; the air is cold and sharp ; there are barren ledges, and desolate wastes. Soon the summit is reached. Emerging from the long snow shed, which protects the track from the fierce snows of this region, the view which is offered is replete with grandeur and beauty. To the eastward, and separated by countless summits which press their heads up at one from below, are the snow-covered, irregular shaped peaks of the Sangre de Cristo range. The sharp pinnacles extend in a long unbroken line, and are marshaled before one like trained soldiers of a giant army. Nearer at hand confusion reigns ; deep gulleys, forests, sparkling streams, and isolated mountain tops appear in every direction, while, overshadowing all, rises Mount Ouray, with its wooded slopes, and gaunt, bare head.

In the west, mellow and haze obscured, lies Gunnison county, with its valleys, mountains, and level plateaus exposed in all their grandeur and beauty.

From Marshall pass to Gunnison, the road extends through fresh forests, and over cultivated meadows, until the mountain surrounded plateau in which the city stands is reached. At the Pacific slope metropolis of Colorado, an arm of the railway follows up Slate river to Crested Butte, the Pittsburgh of the State, and the main line continues down the Gunnison river to the gorge which is known from its sombre coloring as the Black cañon. This rock-bound chasm is wilder, more picturesque and grander even than the cañon already encountered. The cliffs are fully as high, but their sides are broken into narrow shelves, where shrubs, trees, and clinging vines have found a foothold. In many places miniature cataraacts leap from dizzy heights into the sea-green waters of the river, or, broken by projecting ledges, reach the bottom of the cañon in sil-

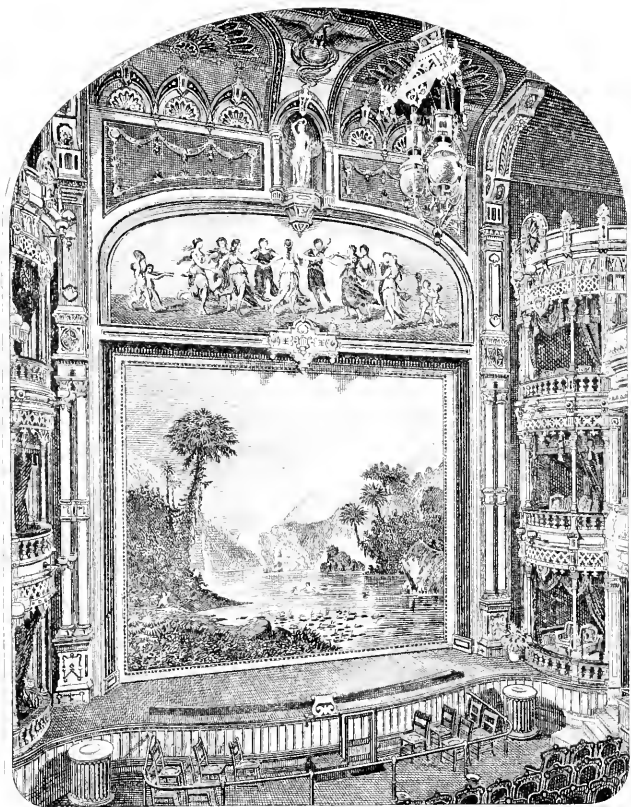
very spray. There is constant variety : now the cliffs are red colored, now of a grayish white. Here a solitary pinnacle soars upward like a delicately formed cathedral tower ; and again the enclosing walls hug the road for miles in unbroken masses. The contour of the palisades is closely followed, the river is constantly in sight, and its rumble is ever audible. Half way through the cañon, the Gunnison turns into a still deeper gorge to the right, and the road continues by the side of Cimarron creek, which leads to where the cliffs are more rugged still, and whose sides are filled with clinging vines and stunted pines and cedars. The region becomes darker and gloomier, while the creek flows over its rocky bed, and among granite boulders, with a rumble that fills the gorge with deafening echoes.

Escaping from the cañon, the road pursues its westward course under an open sky, until the Wasatch mountains of Utah are reached. First comes Cedar divide, climbed by steep grades, and from whose summit an extended view is had of the Uncompahgre valley, the river which flows down its centre, and the San Juan mountains in the distance. The snow-tipped peaks of this range form the southern limits of the Uncompahgre valley, the rich agricultural section of the Ute reservation, and, from whatever point seen, are grand, beautiful and full of picturesque sublimity. Montrose is reached after descending from the divide. Following the Uncompahgre, west of Montrose, the road traverses a valley filled with rich farm land to Delta, and to Grand Junction, after which a veritable desert is entered. Low, treeless, dry and neglected wastes extend before one for nearly a hundred and fifty miles. The traveler is on an inland sea, where the winds have formed billows of sand, and the earth is caked by the heat of summer. And yet the ride is not devoid of interest. There is a constant fascination in studying the unfamiliar scenes, and later the Sierra La Sal mountains rise before one in all their beauty of outline. Turning northwest, the road approaches the Wasatch mountains. Soon Price river is crossed, a tributary to the Green, and later Castle valley is entered, where there is more vegetation, and considerable cultivation.

At the extreme end of this valley, and reached after long twistings and turnings among the foot-hills of the range, stands Castle Gate, leading into the very heart of the Wasatch mountains, and formed by two immense towers of red sandstone which have a sheer descent of nearly



PELICAN POINT, UTAH LAKE



INTERIOR
WALKER'S OPERA HOUSE,
SALT LAKE CITY.

five hundred feet, and are severed off-shoots from the cliffs behind them. At the base of the mighty pillars which,

“ * * * Like giants stand
To sentinel enchanted land ”

runs Price river, flowing over sunken ledges, and through a thick growth of underbush. The gate posts are like the prows of two immense ships, and are filled with cracks and seams and deep holes which the waters of long ago have worn in the soft and crumbling sides. They are separated barely enough to allow the road and the stream to pass between, and are so high that, looking at them from their base they seem ready to fall headlong upon the observer. Once through the narrow way, and climbing the steep grades of Price river cañon, the road follows first one stream and then another, and all the while there are unbroken forests, vari-colored rocks, clear waters, green meadows, tangled brush, and vistas of distant, snowy peaks, which render the journey one of continual pleasure. The scenery constantly changes. Here it is wild, and the eye can rove over a vast extent of country; and again the traveler is shut in by low cliffs, or is surrounded only by verdant stretches, which are as soft and beautiful as any of the vales of England. At Soldier Summit, on the very top of the range, the road takes its eagle-like plunge down the western slope, and after emerging from the various gorges encountered, enters Utah valley, and is almost within sight of Salt Lake City.

The view from this side of the range is one of incomparable loveliness. Eastward are the high peaks which have just been crossed, and whose grandeur is now more than ever before apparent. At one's feet lies Utah basin, and beyond it, to the north, Salt Lake valley, girded by high mountains. As far as the eye can see there are rich meadows. Towns nestle in the midst of green groves, the river Jordan is displayed its entire length, and the lake itself, with mountains rising from its very shores, reflects in the clear depth the fleecy clouds, the tree-covered slopes, and the distant peaks of snow. Everything is fresh, green, soft and beautiful. Cattle feed in the valleys; there are waving fields of golden grain; and the Wasatch range on the east, and the Oquirrh on the west, send forth tall spires which are capped with white, or have their sides covered with pines, maples, ash and willows. By the side of the lake stands Provo, a favorite

watering place, and one with many attractions. At Bingham Junction branches of the road extend to Alta and Bingham, two important mining towns of the Territory, but the main line continues up Jordan valley and soon reaches the famous Mormon metropolis.

Salt Lake City is built on the lower slopes of a *mesa* running down from the Wasatch mountains toward the shores of the Great Salt Lake. Back of the town rises the Wasatch range, broken here into many sized cones and deep, verdant cañons. Beyond the valley are the indistinct outlines of more mountains, while to the west rises the sloping, wood-covered Oquirrh range, ending abruptly in the north at the shores of the lake. The city itself is a place of wide streets, well-built houses, shade trees, trim gardens and long avenues. The public buildings are mostly owned by the Mormons, and add much to the beauty of the town. Indeed, Young and his followers must have had an unusual amount of good taste. Not only did they select as a site for their city a *mesa* which commands an extended view, but they planned that all streets should run at right angles to one another; and, consequently, there are formed all over the city squares of green sward filled with trees, private dwellings and stores. This regularity of design is noticed at the very first. Everything is free, wide, light and open. The sun has unlimited freedom, and its warm rays are rarely excluded by high walls or narrow ways. It is a very common practice to compare the city to Edinburgh, or some thriving New England village, but after all, the fact remains that no other place is exactly like it. Salt Lake City has an Arcadian simplicity, but is never commonplace. The public buildings, the stores, the homes, all have a peculiar beauty and attractiveness of their own. They are light-colored, clean and pretty. No grim stains of smoke have soiled, no dull hues surround them. The private homes have an air of solid comfort, and are in the midst of bright green lawns, flower beds, and an abundance of shade trees. Down the sides of the streets run fresh streams of water, which have come from the mountains, and which carry off all the city refuse. The climate is delightfully free from nearly all impurities, and the air is invigorating and full of health-giving properties. In summer the days are rarely uncomfortably hot, and winter is robbed of its usual terrors by the encircling ranges, which serve to protect the valley and the city from the cold winds of other regions. In early spring, the trees,

shrubs and various vines convert Salt Lake into a veritable bower of greenness ; and in the fall, the colorings brought by the frost are as varied as the hues of a rainbow, and may be seen stretching far up the sides of the mountains, and filling with prismatic lights the neighboring parks and cañons. But during all seasons of the year, the mighty hills, thrown into every imaginable shape by some terrible convulsion of nature, never lose their beauty or their grandeur. The pointed cones, tipped with purest layers of snow ; the long, sloping sides ; the wooded gorges ; and the serrated lengths, stretching far into a shadowy distance, change their colorings with every hour of the day. Rosy when the sun first flashes its light upon them at early morning, they are brown at noonday, and purple at evening when the day is done and the sun sinks into its rest behind them. Now the storm clouds toss and roll about the higher peaks, and anon the pointed cones are sharply outlined against a deep blue, high arched sky. Nor are the ranges ever the same in their shapes. To-day a summit has one appearance, when seen in a certain light, and to-morrow it takes another and different one. Now there is a hazy softness which hides all ugly scars and forms a compact mass, and again the air becomes so crisp and clear that all the rocks and deep, dark cañons, the isolated peaks, and the wood-covered projections, are displayed and magnified, and converted to twice their usual size. The mountains of Utah are to the people of the Territory what the sea is to those who live upon its shores. And to the residents of Salt Lake City, the Wasatch and the Oquirrh ranges are objects of devoted admiration and love.

The population of the city is about 25,000, and the business, wholesale and retail, is very large in proportion to the number of inhabitants. It is from Salt Lake City that the smaller towns and multitudinous mining camps of the Territory draw their supplies, and since mining has made such rapid progress as a business, the trade of the city has scored a corresponding increase, and is to-day in a most satisfactory condition, both as regards volume and profits. The principal business houses are on Temple street, and are in many cases elegantly appointed structures, having a solidity and size which are surprising in a city so far west and so young. There are also many business blocks on the streets which run off at right angles to Temple, and it is hard to find one which is ordinary or com-

monplace in its appearance. The residences of the city are, in most instances, situated on the higher slopes of the bench or spur of the mountains on which the city is built, although there is no one particular section of the city limits which seems to have been adopted for homes. Some of the finest private dwellings are in the southern districts, and others are scattered promiscuously about, and are evidently built where individual taste has dictated. There seems to be no aristocratic quarter, and the homes of the rich and of the poor are, in most cases, side by side. Light-colored brick is generally used in building, only a few exceptions being made with wood and stone. But no matter how lowly or plain the house may be, the trailing vines, the latticed porches, the broad steps and the flowers rob it of all harshness, and render each cottage picturesque.

The public buildings are numerous, large, and are often possessed of considerable architectural grandeur. The first in importance, and which all strangers visit before they are a day in the city, are those situated in Temple block and known as the Tabernacle, New Temple, and Assembly Hall. Temple block contains ten acres of ground, and was set apart in the early days of the city for the erection of churches and other buildings connected with the practice of Mormonism. The New Temple, which is still being built, may be found by walking up Temple street to a gateway that leads into Temple square. This edifice ranks first in interest among the public buildings of the city, and will, when finished, be one of the most remarkable structures in America. The length of the building is two hundred feet, and its width one hundred. The foundations, of reddish quartzite of great hardness, are laid sixteen feet below the surface of the earth, and are sixteen feet in thickness. The walls are nine feet nine inches thick, and are of a light gray granite, quarried from Little Cottonwood cañon, in the Wasatch range. It is designed to have three towers stand at each end of the building, the center ones, east and west, rising higher than the others, and to an altitude of two hundred feet. Each will contain a circular stairway, winding around a column four feet in diameter. Allegorical designs will form the ornamentation. The corner stone was laid April 6, 1853, and it is estimated that thirty years will be required to complete the work. Over \$3,000,000 have already been expended. The huge pile

TEMPLE BLOCK



is added to daily by scores of busy workmen, and already gives promise of being a source of pride to those who are building it.

Diagonally from the Temple is the famous Mormon Tabernacle, a huge, round-roofed structure which forms a prominent object in all views of the city, and is the first building seen when looking down upon the town from any of the surrounding hills. Its dimensions are 233 x 133 feet, inside measurement, and it consists of one great roof, which rests on forty-six pillars of red sandstone, and springs, with a single stride from side to side, and from end to end. The building is elliptical, and the inside height from ceiling to floor is seventy feet. The roof consists of ponderous lattice-work, ten feet through, heavily bolted together, and is a great triumph of engineering skill. Inside, the west end is occupied by a rostrum, or stand, with triple rows of seats rising one above the other. The highest of these was intended originally for President Brigham Young and his two councilors; that immediately in front for the twelve apostles; and the lower one for bishops or elders. In front of these is the communion table whence sacrament is issued to the congregation every Sabbath afternoon. To the rear of all, and immediately under the grand organ, are seats for the choir, which frequently numbers one hundred singers, and is one of the finest in the country. Traversing the entire hall, with the exception of the west end, is a spacious gallery sufficiently large to seat 3,750 people. The entire seating capacity of the building, including the stand and platforms, is 13,452. Including standing room, it will accommodate 15,000. There are twenty doors to the tabernacle, nearly all of them nine feet wide, all opening outwards, and the immense congregation can be let out in one and a half minutes. The acoustics are astonishingly perfect, the most minute sound multiplying and permeating the entire hall.

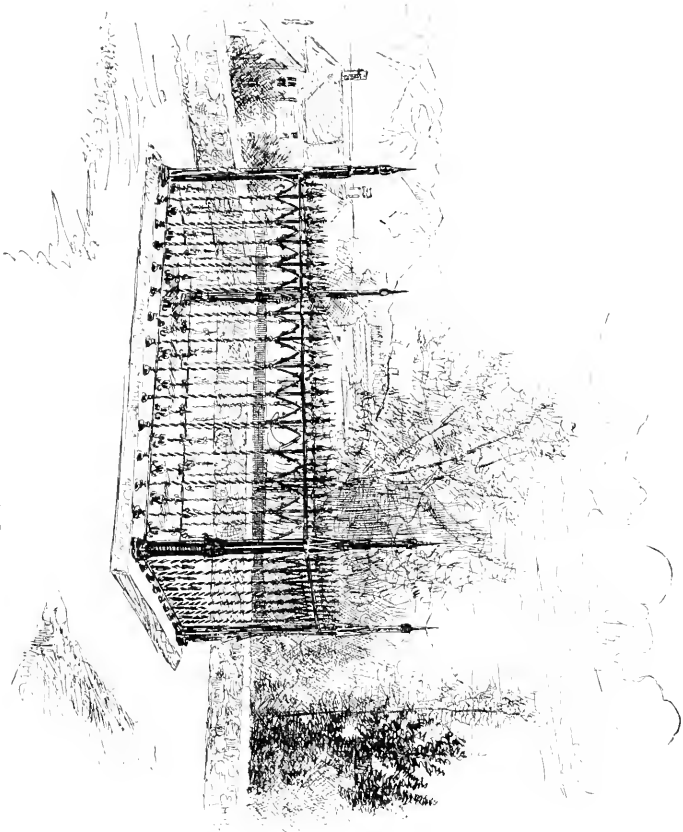
South of the Tabernacle is a Gothic edifice, known as the Assembly Hall, constructed of granite chips from the blocks composing the new Temple. The outside measurements are 120 x 68 feet, the height of the square being 33 feet. The roof is ornamented by twenty graceful minarets, each twenty-four feet high, while a central spire has an altitude of 126 feet. The interior consists of a spacious assembly room, surrounded by a broad gallery. The ceiling is forty feet above the floor. The room will seat about 4,000 people, and is designed for winter, and for evening meetings, when the tabernacle

is too dark or cold. The internal finishings are quite elaborate, the seats and wainscoting being neatly grained, and the walls calcimined in tints. The ceiling is embellished with various historical and biblical subjects in fresco.

In the northwest corner of Temple square is a plain, yellow-tinged building, in which the marriages among the Mormons take place. Only those who are converts to the Mormon faith know what is contained within the four walls of the little house, but the curious are ever ready to gaze at it, and to speculate concerning its interior arrangements and life.

Across the street, to the east, from Temple square, is another walled enclosure, in which are the homes of Brigham Young, and the several buildings constituting the tithing department of the Mormon church. The tithing yard resembles a New England farm yard, and is filled with every variety of garden produce, and with every species of animal. It is here that a tenth of every man's income has to be brought for the support and benefit of the church. A little around the corner from the yard is the Lion House, and next it the Bee Hive, two yellow-tinged, dormer-windowed buildings, in one of which, the Lion House, President Young had his office, and in the other lived with his several wives. The office is now occupied by President Taylor, and is accessible to visitors. It is a large, comfortably furnished, low studded room, hung with pictures of deceased and living dignitaries of the church, and resembles the office of some rich country squire. Next to the Bee Hive is Eagle Gate, ornamented by a huge gilded eagle, resting on massive beams that rest again on four granite posts. It is by passing through this gate, and up the narrow street leading from it, that one reaches the grave of Brigham Young. The granite slab covering the remains is inclosed by an ornamental railing, in accordance with the desires of the deceased president, who wished to be buried within sight and sound of the square, where he had passed so many busy days.

Salt Lake City is well supplied with churches. The Methodists, Episcopalians, and Presbyterians have erected suitable buildings for worship, and St. Marks Cathedral is one of the notable edifices of the town. Nor do the people lack for amusement. Before his death President Young erected a large and handsome theatre, and later



GRAVE OF BRIGHAM YOUNG.

the Walker Brothers, men who have done much to beautify the city, have built their beautiful opera house, known by their name, which is situated half a block west of East Temple street, on Second South street. It is one of the finest and most elegantly appointed theatres in the West, and cost nearly \$150,000. It is 165 feet in depth by 65 feet in width, and the height from floor to ceiling is 70 feet. The seating capacity is large, and the façade of the building is of massive proportions. The theatre is lighted by gas, and by electricity, and warmed by steam. No expense has been spared to furnish everything that can contribute to the comfort and pleasure of the patrons. The decorations in the main body of the house are elaborate and tasteful. There is a rich simplicity in the frescoes and upholstery, and in the carved woodwork, which reflect greatly to the credit of the owners, and which delights every visitor. The stage is large, and the scenery ample. The auditorium, with its rows of boxes, and richly upholstered chairs, reminds one of the Madison Square theatre in New York.

The scenic attractions in the immediate neighborhood of Salt Lake City are attractive and varied, possessing characteristics peculiar to themselves, and which are never-failing sources of pleasure to all who visit them. Two miles and a half east of Temple square, and reached by a good road which winds by easy grade up the sloping sides of the mountain, is Fort Douglas, a national post filled with soldiers, and so located as to command an extended view of the city, the valley, and the neighboring ranges. The officers' quarters form a crescent at the head of a *plaza*, and Salt Lakers enjoy nothing better than a half holiday under the trees at the fort, listening to the military music, and enjoying the unequaled prospect.

Still another popular ramble is that to the crest of Ensign Peak, a high and rock-crowned hill, which forms the northern protector of the city, and is so near that in the morning it throws its shadow over the houses clustered at its base. A bridle path leads nearly to the summit, but the highest point is reached only after hard climbing. But the view pays for the exertion, for when one stands upon the very top, the scene unfolded is one of such exquisite beauty that words are inadequate to picture it. At one's very feet, and so near that he can look into its chimneys, and down upon the flat roofs of the houses, lies the city, its busy hum of life creeping faintly to

the ears of the beholder, and all the gardens, and wide, shaded streets revealed. To the right, ten miles or more away, and nestling in the arms of blue-tinted mountains, may be seen the lake, silent, calm, and heedless of the beauty in which it lives; to the left, and pressing their huge shoulders upon the valley are the Wasatch and Oquirrh peaks, grand, stately, and deeply torn by cañons and narrow gorges. The lower slopes are richly covered with dark forests, but higher up the summits show banks of snow, gleaming brightly under the rays of the sun. Westward, extending for sixty miles, are the Jordan and Utah Lake valleys, dim and haze-obscured. At their extreme, and where

‘Some blue peaks in the distance rose,’

a glimpse is had of proud old Mount Nebo, grandest, highest, coldest of all the Wasatch heights. Above one arches the sky, blue, vast, and only dotted here and there by fleecy clouds, which throw upon the valleys below irregular patches of light and shade. Mountain, meadow, river and lake greet one on every side. The valleys are green and fertile, while over all their wide expanse farm joins farm, and deep rich colors are formed by the gardens and fields of waving grain. Jordan valley is seen to lie like a garden, and the ranges are its protecting walls.

“Half drowned in sleepy peace it lay,
As satiate with the boundless play
Of sunshine on its green array,”

The lake which dots, and the stream which waters it, shine like purest crystals, or seem like a thread of silver, while the clear-cut hills of blue stand riveted to their places by the beauty of the scene.

The Great Salt Lake is an attractive spot to visit. It lies westward and about nine miles from the city, but the absence of all intervening trees or houses allows its waters to be seen from nearly all parts of the town. There is always an air of mystery about the birth and life of Salt Lake, which the most learned can not dispel, no matter how able their theories may be. The water is strongly impregnated with salt, and is of such density that the surface is rarely ruffled, and the immense body lies simmering in the sunlight all the day like a thing bereft of life. No matter how enticingly the neighboring mountains



BLACK ROCK, SALT LAKE.

may coquette with it—flashing down from their proud heights a thousand gleaming hues—the lake itself gives back no answer, but dull, listless and heavy, sulks in its bed and refuses to acknowledge the outside world. There are two lines of railway by which one may reach the low shores, and enjoy a bath in the warm waters of the lake, one being by the Utah Western Railway to Lake Point, Garfield and Black Rock, and the other the Denver & Rio Grande to Lake Shore. During the season, bathing in the lake is a novel and pleasing experience. It is almost impossible to sink, the water is so dense and buoyant, and but very little practice is needed for one to become quite an expert swimmer. The surroundings of the lake at its southern extremity are picturesque, and there are ample bathing accommodations. Standing on the shore near Black Rock, there is a wide prospect unfolded to the gaze. The waters stretch away to the northwest until lost in the hazy distance, and nearer at hand the two huge mountain islands rear their bared heads and shoulders from out the quiet depths. There are rarely any boats in sight, and the shores are void of greenness and fresh foliage.

Just to the right of Ensign peak is City Creek cañon, a brush-lined way leading into the Wasatch range, which is deserving of a much prettier name than the one which has been given to it. The roadway clings closely to the sides of the cliffs, which rise to great heights above it, and there are ever-changing vistas of fantastically fashioned crags and snow-capped peaks. Winding down the center of the ravine is a creek of fresh, clear water, which dances along with sparkling glee under the overhanging brushwood, or is lashed into mimic fury as it falls over obstructing ledges of rock. To the east of this gorge is another, known as Emigration cañon, through which Young and his foot-sore followers marched, and from which they had their first glimpse of the Jordan valley and the site of the city which they afterwards erected. At the head of City Creek cañon, a bridle path leads to the summit of Black mountain, a high peak which is wooded to nearly its very top, and which commands a view of mountains, ravines, forests and distant valleys.

Within the limits of the city, and only a short distance from Temple street, are the Warm Springs and bath houses. The water is strongly impregnated with sulphur, and has a temperature of 102° F.; it is also charged with medicinal qualities which render it invaluable.

able as a corrective of many ailments. The bath houses are large, and are supplied with tanks and set tubs. A short distance to the north are the Hot Springs, the waters of which have a temperature of 180° to 190° F.

On Temple street, half way between the Walker House and the Tabernacle, is the Masonic library, in which there is a large and carefully made collection of standard works. Opposite the south gate of Temple square—and these various places of interest are only a few of the many which the city has—is a museum which is well worth inspection. The collection is of special interest to those who desire to know more of Utah, as it represents many of the ores, birds and insects native to the Territory. The arrangement of specimens is remarkably well done, and the curiosities are deserving of careful study.

Salt Lake City is an interesting place to visit. It is full of attractions and curious bits of architecture. It is situated within easy reach of many natural parks and cañons, a visit to which is calculated to show one more beauties of nature than he had dreamed existed. The by-ways of Utah, the isolated corners away from the railroads, are poetic chips of nature, with scenery full of strange contrasts to that found in Eastern States, and possessed of grandeur—almost sublime beauty. There is a freedom of style and a boldness of execution in these remote regions which appeals to the imagination so strongly that a new sense of pleasure is experienced, and a new joy given, which can not be created by other scenes. Massive mountains; vast virgin forests; dizzy cataracts; crystal lakes, and grassy levels, meet one at every step. Here the trees are parted, and a glimpse is had between them of the central valleys of the Territory lying far below; and again there is only a wilderness surrounding the visitor. In American Fork cañon, penetrating the Wasatch range near Provo, an old mill, crumbling to pieces with age, stands by the side of the creek, and is half hidden by the rank growth of trees and shrubs which surround it. Following the stream past it, the solid walls of granite which press back the mountains crowd closer toward one another, and the way is barely wide enough for the creek to find even a rocky bed. Man has done nothing here to disturb the beauty nature has wrought. Centuries have passed, and only a tumbled rock, lying now at the bottom of the gully and covered with



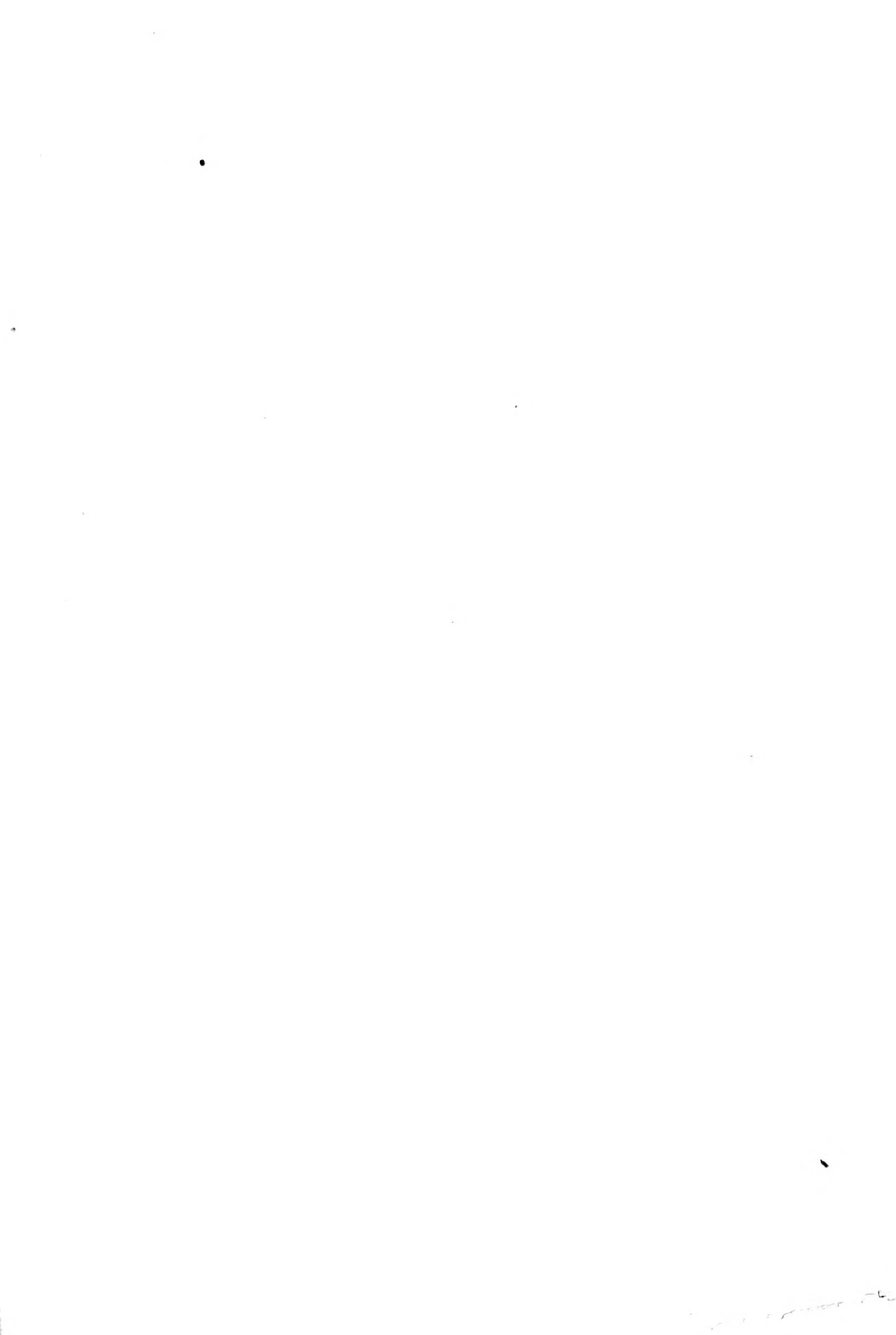
IN SPANISH FORK CAÑON.

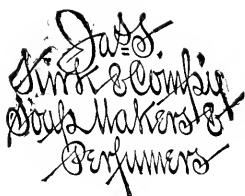
clinging vines, marks the progress of time. There is absolute rest for one while in the Utah cañons ; the outside world grows far away ; the air is cool, crisp and invigorating ; and the fragrant perfumes from the singing pines teem with new life, and bring a healthful glow to the palest cheek. Wander where he will among the Wasatch wilds, and a man is alone with nature, at liberty to enjoy undisturbed her beauties, and to gain wisdom in studying her ways.

Parley's Park, and Big and Little Cottonwood cañons, vie with each other in beauty and sublimity. All are within easy reach of the city proper, and Little Cottonwood and Bingham cañons are traversed by the Denver & Rio Grande Railway. At the head of Parley's Park a hotel has been erected ; and Alta, famous from having had the Emma mine, nestles under the shadow of high peaks at the end of Little Cottonwood, and is in the very midst of a wild, snowy region. Bingham is a mining town in Bingham cañon, and the heavy thud of the crushing machines resounds throughout the narrow gorge. In any of the cañons there will always be found an abundance of water, the low murmur of which sings an accompaniment to the sighing of the wind through the pines and the maples, while the rich profusion of vari-colored rocks give a wealth of coloring which even the artist's brush is incapable of reproducing. Here there is a weird wildness ; mighty torrents, born among the dark basaltic ledges of the higher peaks, and nursed by the warm rays of the early summer sun, have torn their way to the base of the range and left a ruined waste behind them. There are gaunt, dead trees, leaning against their living neighbors, or lying where they fell when overthrown by some fierce storm, and huge masses of rock which the frosts of winter have hurled from the edges of the deeply scarred walls of the cañon. Now there is a cathedral or a castle, with towers and windows, formed by the action of time ; and anon isolated pinnacles reach into the cloudless sky, and are as delicately formed as the tower standing on the banks of the river Arno. There is constant variety ; a wilderness succeeds a garden, and a narrow rock-strewn pathway leads to a forest-girded park, where there is a wide expanse of bright green turf.

But Utah must be seen to be appreciated, and studied to be enjoyed. Wealth will come to few from the golden treasures which the by-ways give forth, but pleasure will come to the many as they wan-

der from the cities and towns into the places nature has so lavishly endowed. Soft, blue, clear and beautiful is the sky ; healthful is the climate, fresh are the breezes. Long neglected, for years unthought of, Utah is entering a new life, when its beauties will be known in countless homes, and when descriptions of its scenery will delight untold thousands.





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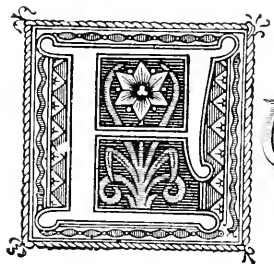
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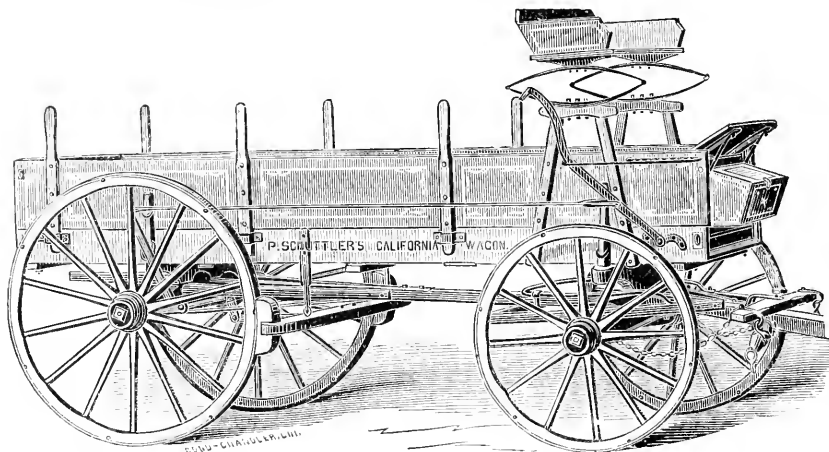
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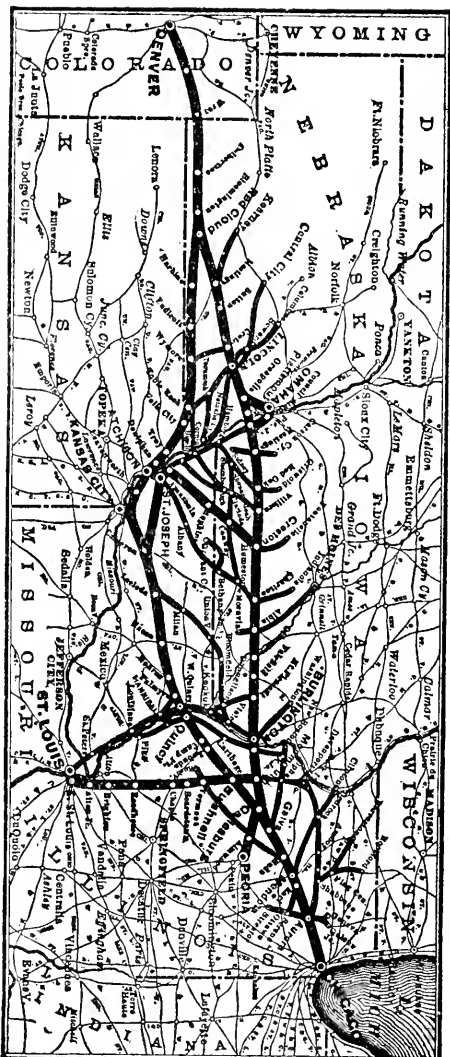


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